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DARING *the* SUPERNATURAL

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MAY

OUT OF *the* NIGHT

10¢





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PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN



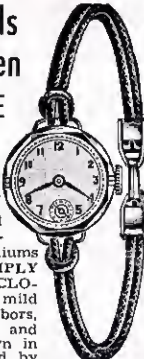
Boys - Girls
Ladies - Men

WE ARE
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OUR 57th YEAR

MAIL COUPON NOW

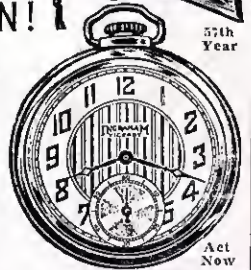
Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Dolls, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. We trust you. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. S-27, TYRONE, PA.



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Year
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Now

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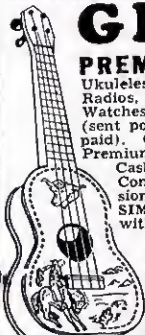


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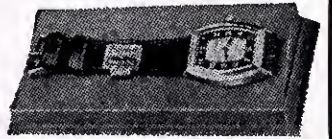
OUR
57th
YEAR

Act
Now

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Wrist Watches, Jewelry
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sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount per
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Name Age.....
St. RD. Box.....
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Name Here
Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

THE BITE OF A VAMPIRE MEANS SOMETHING NO WORDS CAN DESCRIBE...A RAW HORROR THAT MAKES EVERY NERVE IN THE VICTIM'S BODY TWITCH AT THE CREEPING APPROACH OF MIDNIGHT! BUT IT'S A HORROR THAT DOESN'T STOP AT BEING FELT...IT'S A THING THAT GROWS AND GROWS...IT'S THE TOUCH OF JAGGED WINGS UNFOLDING FOR

The VAMPIRE'S FATE!

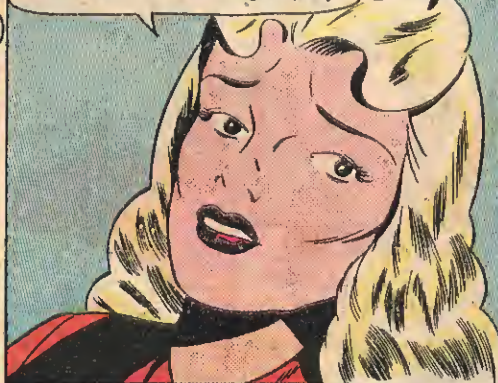


AT THE HOME OF MARCIA SANDERS...

BILL... IT WAS HORRIBLE! FOR A MOMENT, I COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT I SAW WHEN I SWITCHED ON THE NIGHT LIGHT... THOSE THINGS THAT FLUTTERED AS HE APPROACHED THE BED... **THOSE BLACK WINGS!**

HONEY... I WANT YOU TO TRY TO REMEMBER ONE DETAIL! HOW **CLOSE** DID HE APPROACH... **WAS HE NEAR ENOUGH TO TOUCH YOU?**

NO, BILL... I'M SURE OF **THAT!** HE STOPPED ABOUT A YARD AWAY... HIS EYES GLINTED IN A WAY THAT MADE ME SHIVER... AND THEN HE SPOKE! "A VICTIM LIKE **YOU** SHOULD BE SAVED FOR THE HAUNTED HOUR OF MIDNIGHT! AT THE NEXT DARK STROKE OF TWELVE... **I WILL RETURN!**"



OUT OF THE NIGHT, published bi-monthly and copyright, 1952, by Creston Publications Corp., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Missouri. Editorial offices, 45 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.20; single copies, \$0.10; foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comic Group, 45 West 45 St., New York 19, N. Y. Application for second class entry pending at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo. No. 2, April-May, 1952.

Printed in U.S.A.

THAT'S TONIGHT, BILL! AND I KNOW THAT NO MATTER WHERE I GO...OR HOW MUCH I TRY TO HIDE...
HELL FIND ME!

YEP...A VAMPIRE CAN GENSE THE PRESENCE OF HIS CHOSEN VICTIM! BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN THAT CLOSET JUST A FEW FEET AWAY... WHILE I OCCUPY THE BED!

THAT NIGHT...AT THE LAST HOLLOW STROKE OF TWELVE...

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, MARCIA...DON'T LET HIM KNOW YOU'RE THERE! I'M GOING TO PULL THE SHEET OVER MY FACE...AND TRY TO GRAB HIM WHEN HE STALKS CLOSE ENOUGH!

BILL...CAN YOU HEAR THOSE SOFT, PADDING FOOT-STEPS? HE'S COMING!

LIKE A THROTTLED GASP, THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN...AND IN THE BROODING HALF LIGHT...

ANH! SHE SLEEPS...BUT TONIGHT I WILL MAKE SURE SHE DOES NOT AWAKEN...UNTIL MY FANGS HAVE MARKED HER FOR THE VAMPIRE'S FATE!

THEN...WITH THE JAGGED WINGS TWITCHING AT THE THOUGHT OF PREY...

SLUMBER...SLUMBER! DO NOT WAKE UNTIL MY VICTIM I CAN TAKE!

YE GODS...THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT VOICE THAT'S MADE ME POWERLESS! I THOUGHT I'D HAVE A CHANCE TO FIGHT HIM OFF...BUT I CAN'T EVEN MOVE!

HEAVENS...WHY DOESN'T BILL DO SOMETHING? THOSE GLEAMING FANGS...THEY'RE GETTING CLOSE TO HIS ARM...

AS MARCIA'S SCREAM RINGS THROUGH THE ROOM...

HAA! NOW SHE KNOWS WHOSE VOICE SHE HEARD...AND THE MEANING OF TWO CRIMSON GASHES ON HER WRIST!

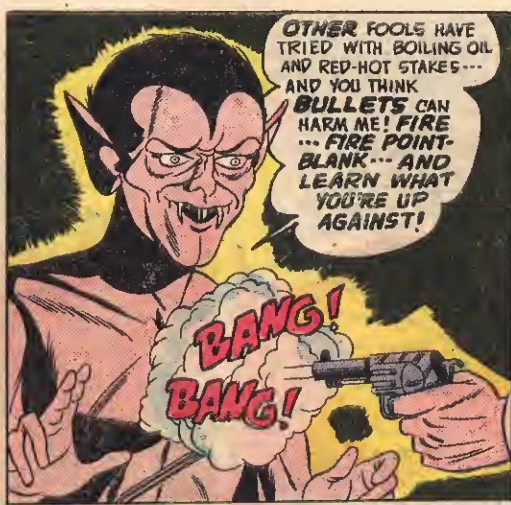
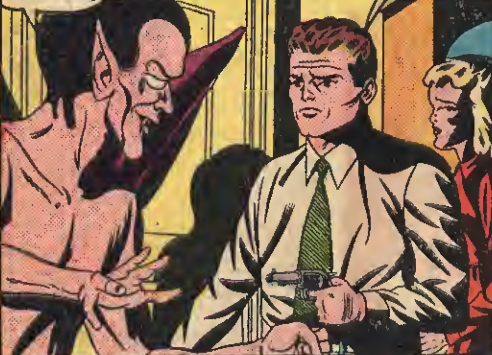
OHH!

OH, BILL! I'D RATHER HAVE BEEN THE VICTIM MYSELF... THAN WATCH THAT!

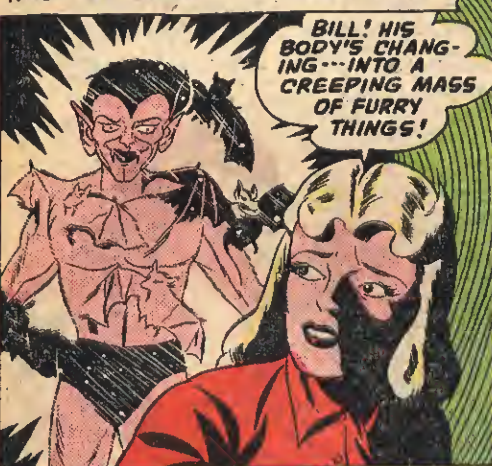
IT CAN'T BE HELPED NOW, MARCIA...BUT FOR THE LOVE OF PETE...DON'T LET THE VAMPIRE KNOW! IF WE CAN KEEP HIM THINKING YOU'RE THE VICTIM...WE MAY FIND A WAY OF DEALING WITH HIM! COME ON...THE FRONT DOOR'S LOCKED...HE CAN'T GET OUT!

SECONDS LATER, AT THE FRONT DOOR... MAYBE... BUT YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO SEE IT! YOU'RE A PERFECT TARGET!

HA HA! THE GIRL THINKS ME LOATHSOME NOW... BUT WHAT A CHANGE THERE WILL BE... SEVEN NIGHTS LATER!



Then... IN A FLASH ALIVE WITH HIDEOUS MOTION...



IN THE NEXT INSTANT... AS THE GLOW FADES INTO FLUTTERING SHADOW...



MEANWHILE...SINCE THE VAMPIRE THINKS **YOU'RE** THE ONE WHO WAS BITTEN...HE'LL PROBABLY RETURN **HERE** TO CHECK THE RESULTS! WE'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO SLEEP BY DAY, MARCIA... BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO STAY **AWAKE** FOR THE NEXT SEVEN NIGHTS...**JUST TO BE READY FOR ANYTHING THAT CREEP HAS IN MIND!**



AS BILL DRIVES HOME IN THE GREY DAMPNES OF DAWN...

VAMPIRES AREN'T ACTIVE BY DAY...SO IT'LL BE OKAY TO LEAVE MARCIA ALONE! BUT THERE'S ONE BIG QUESTION MARK I DIDN'T WANT TO ALARM HER ABOUT...WHAT WILL THE CURSE OF THOSE FANGS DO TO ME?



TWO NIGHTS LATER...

HONEY...IT WAS JUST A TRIFLE! I DON'T EVEN WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT!

I'M BEGINNING TO LOOK FORWARD TO THESE MIDNIGHT VIGILS, DARLING! BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT PAIN YOU HAD IN YOUR SHOULDERS LAST EVENING...DID IT GO AWAY?



AS FOR THIS CLOAK, IT'S JUST A WHIM...SO THAT'S **ANOTHER** THING WE NEEDN'T DISCUSS!

BILL...WHAT'S WRONG? SOMETHING'S TROUBLING YOU...AND YOU'RE TRYING TO COVER UP!



YOUR SHOULDERS! GOOD HEAVENS, BILL... I CAN FEEL SOMETHING...**LIKE LITTLE BRISTLING WINGS!**

THEY'LL GROW! I WAS HOPING YOU WOULDN'T FIND OUT, MARCIA...BUT IT'S HAPPENING...JUST AS THOSE BATS SAID IT WOULD!



THE VAMPIRE'S SURE TO RETURN...AND ONE GLANCE WILL SHOW HIM **YOU'RE** NOT THE VICTIM! ALL HE'LL HAVE TO DO IS REPEAT THAT SPELL...AND THEN **IT'LL BE THE ONE WHO WATCHES!**

IT WON'T HAPPEN, BILL... IT **CAN'T!** I'VE GOT ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS LOCKED...**THERE'S NO WAY FOR HIM TO GET IN!**



MAYBE NOT HIM...BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE BATS? LISTEN TO THAT RUSTLING...**THEY'RE COMING DOWN THE CHIMNEY!**

BILL...TRICKING THE VAMPIRE WAS **YOUR** IDEA! WE CAN STILL DO IT...IF **WE'RE BOTH WEARING CAPES!**



REMEMBER, BILL... I'M THE ONE WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BITTEN! IF I CAN PUT ON A CONVINCING ACT... MAYBE THE VAMPIRE WON'T LOOK TO SEE IF I'M REALLY GROWING WINGS!



FOR A SECOND... THE SQUEAKING CREATURES MERGE IN A CLOT OF HORROR!

WATCHING THAT FIEND TAKE SHAPE IS A CHILLING SIGHT, MARCIA... BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'D BETTER GET USED TO IT!



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME? WASN'T THE AGONY OF YOUR FANGS BAD ENOUGH... WITHOUT THESE MONSTROUS THINGS SPROUTING FROM MY BACK?

HA HA! YOU'RE BOUND TO FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT THEM NOW... WHEN THEY'RE SO STUNTED... SO USELESS! BUT WAIT UNTIL THE SEVENTH NIGHT... WHEN THEY'RE LARGE ENOUGH FOR YOUR FIRST FLIGHT... THE FLIGHT THAT WILL MAKE YOU A VAM-PIRE!



OKAY... LAUGH! BUT IF THERE'S A WAY TO SEND YOU BACK TO THE OOZE OF PERDITION... I'M WARNING YOU... I'LL FIND IT!

THEN START LOOKING FOR THE BLOOD OF ANOTHER VAMPIRE... BECAUSE THAT'S THE ONLY THING THAT CAN KILL ME!



IF I SHOULD ACCIDENTALLY VICTIMIZE ONE OF MY OWN KIND... THEN I'D DIE THE INSTANT ITS BLOOD MIXED WITH MY OWN! BUT THINK OF HOW FEW VAMPIRES THERE ARE IN THE WORLD... THINK OF HOW CAREFULLY I CHOOSE MY VICTIMS... DO YOU STILL HOPE TO SAVE THE GIRL?



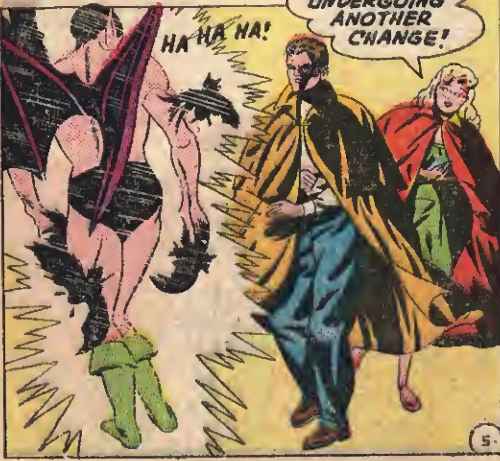
IN A SURGE OF RAGE...

YOU BLACK-HEARTED DEMON... I WISH I COULD DO IT THIS WAY!



ALMOST IN THE SAME SECOND...

BILL... HE'S UNDERGOING ANOTHER CHANGE!





FIVE MORE NIGHTS... THE VAMPIRE'S FATE!

SHE WILL COME TO WHERE WE WAIT!



BILL...IT'S HOPELESS! WE CAN'T DO AWAY WITH THE VAMPIRE... AND WE CAN'T SAVE YOU!

I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT, MARCIA! DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID ABOUT THE BLOOD OF ANOTHER VAMPIRE? THERE WILL BE ANOTHER VAMPIRE ON THE SEVENTH NIGHT... BUT IF YOU CAN KEEP YOUR NERVE THROUGH THE ORDEAL... HE WON'T KNOW IT'S ME!



THE SLOW NIGHTS PASS... NIGHTS MARKED BY GROWING TERROR... AND GROWING WINGS!

BILL HASN'T REMOVED HIS CLOAK ONCE IN MY PRESENCE! HE HASN'T WANTED TO TERRIFY ME... OR HAVE ME SEE HOW MUCH THOSE HIDEOUS WINGS AFFECT HIM! BUT HE HASN'T CHANGED IN MY EYES... AND WE'RE GOING THROUGH THE ORDEAL AHEAD TOGETHER!

SOMETIME IN THE GULF OF DARKNESS...

IT'S NEARLY MIDNIGHT... IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE MY UNHEARD SUMMONS BRINGS HER HERE! SHE'LL BE EXPECTING ME... BUT WHAT A SURPRISE THEY WILL BE!



AT THE LAST THUDDING STROKE OF TWELVE...

I... I CAN'T WAIT, MARCIA! I'M IN THE GRIP OF SOME KIND OF EVIL FORCE... SOMETHING THAT STIFLES ME LIKE A BLACK WEIGHT... UNLESS I KEEP MOVING IN A CERTAIN DIRECTION!



BILL... WE'RE BOTH GOING! REMEMBER... IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

MILES BEYOND... IN A FOREST WHERE THE TREES LOOM LIKE STRICKEN WRAITHS...

I'M THE ONE THE VAMPIRE WILL BE INTERESTED IN, BILL! I'LL TRY TO GO THROUGH WITH IT... BECAUSE I'M SURE YOU'LL HIT UPON A WAY TO SAVE US!

THERE IS A WAY, HONEY... BUT IT'LL MEAN KEEPING UP THE DECEPTION TO THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND! IF THE VAMPIRE SUSPECTS ANYTHING BEFORE THEN... WE'LL BOTH BE DOOMED!



Then... REARING FROM THE DARKNESS...

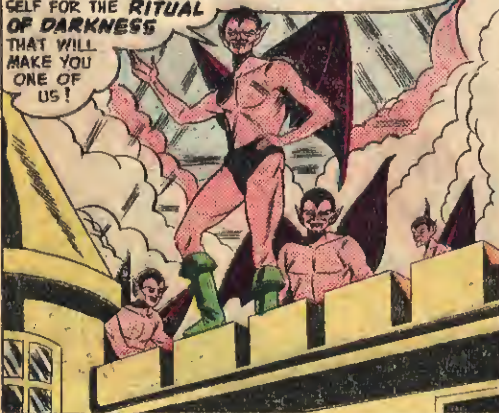
HERE'S THE PLACE, MARCIA... BUT GOOD GOSH... WHO ARE THEY?

THINGS... LIKE HIM! ONE VAMPIRE WAS BAD ENOUGH, BILL... BUT HOW CAN WE FACE THOSE CREATURES... WITH WINGS AND FANGS ALL AROUND US?



WITH HIS GRISLY ALLIES GATHERED AROUND HIM---

THIS WILL BE A SPECTACLE I WANTED MY FELLOW-FRIENDS TO WITNESS! COME UP---AND PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE **RITUAL OF DARKNESS** THAT WILL MAKE YOU ONE OF US!



YOU'RE RIGHT, MARCIA--- I **CAN'T** EXPECT YOU TO FACE THOSE JABBERING FREAKS! I WAS DESPERATE--- I THOUGHT IT MIGHT WORK--- BUT I MIGHT AS WELL SEARE YOU AND FACE THEM **ALONE!**

BILL--- DON'T YOU REALIZE I LOVE YOU ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND ANYTHING **THEY** CAN DO? DON'T GIVE IN **NOW** BECAUSE YOU THINK I'M AFRAID--- BECAUSE THE ONE THING I FEAR IS LOSING **YOU!**



SHE IS THE ONE WE HAVE COME TO SEE! SHE'LL TRY HER WINGS--- AND A VAMPIRE BE!



THERE IS WHERE YOU WILL MAKE YOUR FIRST FLIGHT--- YOUR WINGS UNFOLDING AS YOU SWOOP A HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE GROUND! CLIMB UP--- AND LET A **VAMPIRE BE BORN WITH THE QUICK FLUTTER OF WINGS!**

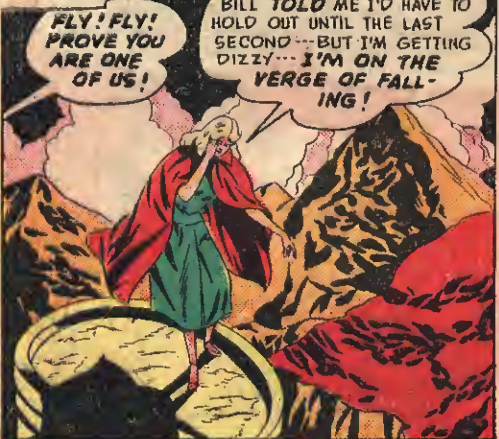
DON'T HESITATE, HONEY--- NOW WE'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH THE BLUFF!



THEN--- AT A BRINK THAT SPRAWLS INTO THE GLOOM BELOW---

FLY! FLY! PROVE YOU ARE ONE OF US!

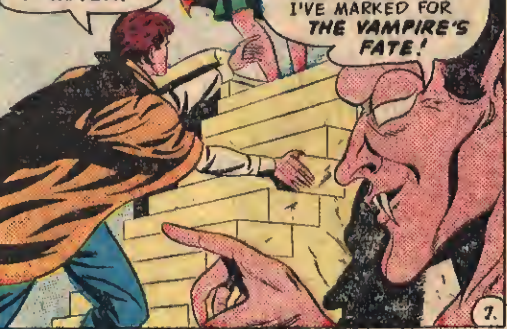
BILL TOLD ME I'D HAVE TO HOLD OUT UNTIL THE LAST SECOND--- BUT I'M GETTING DIZZY--- I'M ON THE VERGE OF FALLING!



SUDDENLY---

MARCIA--- **DON'T!** MAYBE YOU CAN'T SAVE YOURSELF FROM BECOMING A VAMPIRE--- BUT ONCE IT HAPPENS--- WE'LL BE SEPARATED FOREVER!

DO YOU THINK SO, FOOL--- DON'T YOU REALIZE WHY SHE LURED YOU HERE? YOUR SEPARATION WILL LAST JUST SEVEN NIGHTS--- BECAUSE YOU'RE ANOTHER VICTIM I'VE MARKED FOR THE VAMPIRE'S FATE!





NO...NO! I UNDERWENT THE HORROR OF WATCHING HER SUBMIT TO YOUR FANGS... AND I'M NOT GOING TO LET IT HAPPEN TO ME!

YOU THINK YOU CAN RESIST, EH? I HAVE THE ANSWER TO THAT...NOT MY FANGS ALONE SHALL CLAIM YOU...BUT THE FANGS OF ALL OF US!



IN A BRISTLING WAVE OF TERROR...

HE WILL BEAR A DOZEN SCARS TO MARK THIS NIGHT!

IT'S HIDEOUS! I SHOULDN'T HAVE WATCHED...I'M LOSING MY BALANCE...



WITH A SUDDEN LUNGE...

STEADY, MARCIA...IT'S ALL OVER!

LOOK! IT CAN'T BE POSSIBLE...HOW DOES HE HAPPEN TO HAVE WINGS?



I'D BETTER EXPLAIN FAST, YOU SLAB-FACED HYENA... BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE FOULING THE EARTH MUCH LONGER! YOU VICTIMIZED ME SEVEN NIGHTS AGO--MY WINGS ARE LARGE ENOUGH TO TURN ME INTO A VAMPIRE IF YOU HAD FORCED ME TO MAKE MY FIRST FLIGHT--AND MAYBE YOU REALIZE WHAT IT MEANS!

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED...TRICKED INTO BITING SOMEONE READY TO BECOME A VAMPIRE! ALL OF US...WE'RE DOOMED!



THEN...FOR A BRIEF INSTANT BEFORE EXTINCTION...THE VAMPIRES SHOW THEIR TRUE ASPECT!

AAAGH!



DARLING, I WAS ALMOST AFRAID TO FIND OUT... BUT THANK GOODNESS YOUR WINGS ARE GONE! THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE VANISHED WHEN THEY DID!

YOU'RE RIGHT, MARCIA! BUT THERE'LL BE MANY A MID-NIGHT WHEN I RUB MY SHOULDER BLADES--AND REMIND MYSELF OF HOW LUCKY I AM!

The END!
(8)

For **STARTLING**
SUPERNATURAL STORIES...

IT'S THE **Terrific Trio!**

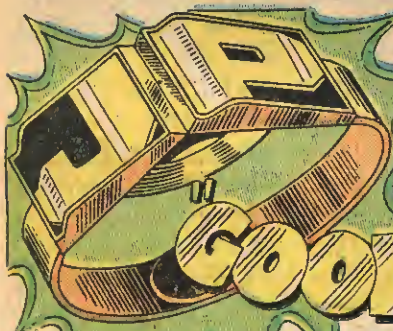
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The IMPOSTOR

THE FARMER STRAIGHTENED up from his potato hoeing to stare at the roadster being driven recklessly across the furrowed field toward him. But by the time the car had bounced to a halt and the young man with the press camera slung from his shoulder had jumped out, the farmer was unconcernedly hoeing again.

"I'm Blake, from the *Daily Gazette*," the stranger said, flashing a press card. "I'm investigating reports that a meteor landed someplace in this neighborhood last night. Know anything about it?"

Still hoeing, the farmer said, "Yep, I seen it myself. But it warn't no meteor. 'Twar a machine, one of them there rocket things!"

"A rocket ship!" the reporter shouted excitedly, grabbing the farmer by the arm. "Great Scott, don't stand there, man... get in the car and show me where it landed!"

Minutes later, the car pulled up in front of a strange-looking, cigar-shaped object about thirty feet long, partly buried in the ground as if it had fallen from a great height. "You were right," Blake said, leaping out of the car and unlimbering his camera. "Look...there's a sort of door near the tail...and it's open! Did you see it land...did anything come out of the ship?"

"Yep...I was out takin' a walk with my hound when that thar thing came crashin' down out of the night. As soon as I seed that door open, a grabbed ahold of my dawg's jaws so's he couldn't bark...an' then I hid behind those berry bushes, watchin'. Fust a green jelly-like thing slobbered out onto the ground, right onto one o' my cabbages...an' then

alluva sudden, thar was this great big cabbage 'bout the same size as that jelly-thing, slidin' across the ground. Shore was right funny to see a walkin' cabbage 'bout as big as a man!"

"Go on, go on...what happened next?"

"Wal, thar I was holdin' onto Spud... my dawg...fer dear life, 'cause he was strainin' to get at that walkin' cabbage. Then a rabbit bounced outa the bushes... an' quick like lightnin', that cabbage changed back into jelly an' was streakin' across the ground after the rabbit. It caught it in a matter o' seconds... an' then thar was this rabbit, jest 'bout big as a man. Wal, after that, thar was jest no 'holdin' Spud...he jumped outa my hands and went yelpin' fer that rabbit. But soon as he got to it, that rabbit jest changed back into jelly...an' then thar was a man-sized Spud comin' toward me!"

Blake gasped. "I get it now...that jelly-like thing from another world has the power of assuming the shape and outward appearance of anything it touches! What...what happened then?"

"Wal, you kin bet yore bottom cent that I run like blue blazes from that new Spud. But it *caught* me!"

"C...caught you?" stammered Blake, backing away from the farmer with a look of dawning understanding and terror in his eyes. "Then...then you're..."

"Keerect," the farmer said, changing into a man-sized jelly-like mass and touching the reporter. Minutes later, Blake...or a thing that looked like Blake...was driving the car back toward the city, toward a whole new world to conquer.

DRUM OF DOOM



IT WAS A NOVEL IDEA...THIS DANCE ON THE LARGE NATIVE DRUM! PATRONS CROWDED THE EXCLUSIVE NEW YORK NIGHT CLUB TO SEE THE FAMOUS ANNETTE PERFORM! BUT AS THE EXOTIC DANCER'S FEET BEGAN TAPPING OUT A RHYTHMIC TATTOO, STRANGE THINGS COMMENCED HAPPENING... HORRIBLE, UNEARTHLY THINGS! AND THE GIANT HAITIAN TOM-TOM BECAME A **DRUM OF DOOM!**

THE WORLD-RENOUNDED DANCER, ANNETTE, AND HER MANAGER, FRED TAYLOR, HAVE JOURNEYED DEEP INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE MYSTERIOUS HAITIAN HILLS...TO OBSERVE A NATIVE DANCE!

THINK YOU CAN REMEMBER HOW THEY DO IT, ANNETTE?

YES! YES! I WILL DO THE SAME DANCE! I WILL DRESS AS THEY! I WILL GIVE NEW YORK ALL THIS SAVAGE BEAUTY... IF I COULD ONLY HAVE SOMETHING... SOME OBJECT THAT WOULD

SYMBOLIZE
VOODOO!



ANNETTE! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT DRUM!

WHY, IT IS ALMOST A DANCE FLOOR IN ITSELF ... **A DANCE FLOOR!!**



FRED! THAT'S IT! THIS DRUM! WE'LL BUY IT! TAKE IT TO NEW YORK! I'LL DANCE **ON IT!** I'LL BE SENSATIONAL ...LISTEN TO THAT TONE...!





THE DRUM!!!

THE DRUM!!

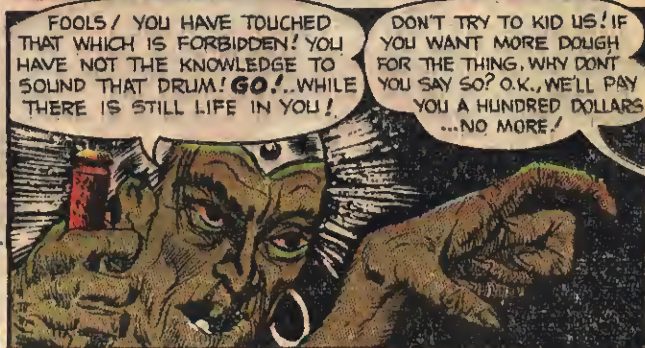
GOODNESS, WHAT A STRANGE LIGHT, FRED! IT SEEMED TO RADIATE FROM THE DRUM WHEN I TOUCHED IT!

AH, IT'S JUST FROM THE MOON!



WHO SOUNDED THE DRUM?

I DID! WE WANT TO BUY IT, MISTER! WE'LL PAY YOU FIFTY DOLLARS!



FOOLS! YOU HAVE TOUCHED THAT WHICH IS FORBIDDEN! YOU HAVE NOT THE KNOWLEDGE TO SOUND THAT DRUM! GO! WHILE THERE IS STILL LIFE IN YOU!

DON'T TRY TO KID US! IF YOU WANT MORE DOUGH FOR THE THING, WHY DON'T YOU SAY SO? O.K., WE'LL PAY YOU A HUNDRED DOLLARS...NO MORE!



GO!! AT ONCE! NEVER RETURN!

WONDER WHAT GOT HIM SO UPSET?

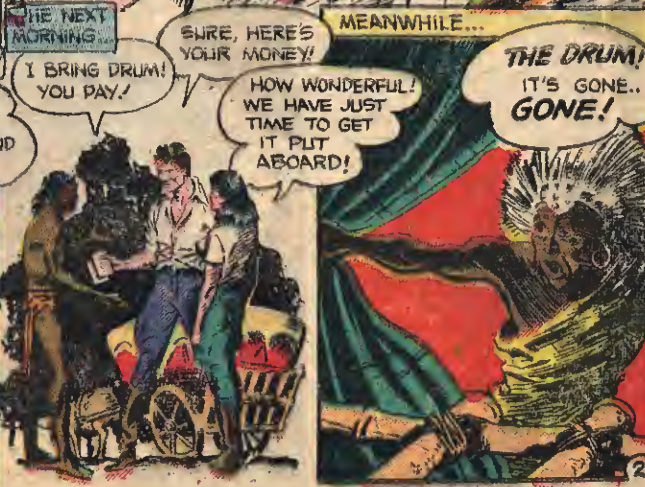


OH, THE DRUM'S PROBABLY PART OF THE MUMBO-JUMBO HE TRIES TO SCARE THE NATIVES WITH! HE'S THEIR WITCH DOCTOR, YOU KNOW...

SHORT WHILE LATER... A NATIVE SUDDENLY APPEARS ON THE TRAIL...

I WITCH DOCTOR'S SON! I HEAR YOU OFFER MONEY FOR DRUM... I GET DRUM FOR YOU! I GIVE MONEY TO FATHER...HE LIKE MONEY!

SO THE OLD BOY CHANGED HIS MIND, HUH? WELL, ALL RIGHT...WE'LL PAY YOU TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS NOW, AND SEVENTY-FIVE WHEN YOU BRING THE DRUM TO TOWN! BE ON THE DOCK EARLY TOMORROW...WE SAIL AT EIGHT O'CLOCK!



THE NEXT MORNING...

I BRING DRUM! YOU PAY!

SURE, HERE'S YOUR MONEY!

MEANWHILE...

HOW WONDERFUL! WE HAVE JUST TIME TO GET IT PUT ABOARD!

THE DRUM! IT'S GONE.. GONE!

THE THIEF THAT
STEAL THE
DRUM OF DOOM
...SHALL NEVER
SEE ANOTHER
MOON!

FRED!
SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED TO
THE NATIVE
WHO SOLD US
THE DRUM!

PROBABLY
FAINTED!
THEY DON'T
EAT THE
RIGHT THINGS
...NOTHING WE
CAN DO ABOUT
IT! GET ABOARD,
ANNETTE!

DEAD...!
AND NOT A
MARK
ON HIM!

LATER....IN ANNETTE'S
DANCE STUDIO IN NEW YORK...

THIS DRUM DANCE
WILL PANIC 'EM IN
YOUR NIGHT CLUB,
MR. ADAMS! ANNETTE
WILL BE IN NATIVE

COSTUME, OF COURSE!
WE'LL HAVE A BACK-
DROP TO SUGGEST
THE JUNGLE!

IN FARAWAY HAITI, THE SILENCE OF THE
JUNGLE IS ABRUPTLY BROKEN BY THE RHYTHMIC
THUDDING OF DRUM BEATS! THE SOUNDS SWELL
LOUDER....UNTIL IT BOOMS THROUGH THE GREAT
LEAFY WILDERNESS!

THE SOUND OF THE
DRUM! IT SUMMONS
THEM FROM THE
GRAVE!

ZOMBIES!

BOOM BOOM BOOM

THEY ANSWER
THE CALL!!

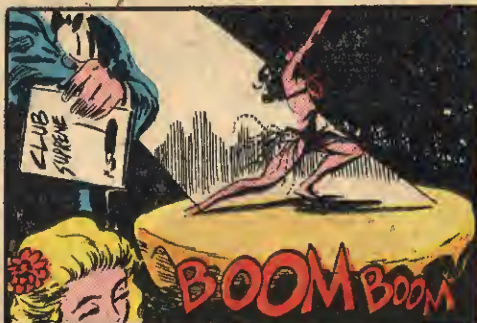
OUTSIDE THE WINDOWS
OF THE NEW YORK DANCE
STUDIO... STRANGE FORMS
BEGIN TO GATHER.....

THAT'S
ENOUGH,
ANNETTE! I
THINK MR. ADAMS
IS SATISFIED!

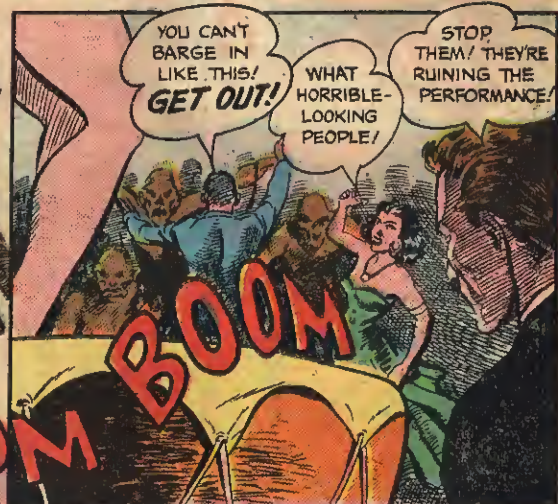
I'M MORE THAN
SATISFIED...!
TERRIFIC IDEA!
IT'LL BE A
SMASH HIT!
I'LL BOOK YOU
RIGHT NOW FOR A
SOLID MONTH IN
CLUB SUPREME!



A SINGLE BEAM OF LIGHT PLAYS ON ANNETTE, AS SHE SPRINGS UP ON THE GREAT DRUM THREE NIGHTS LATER! THE CROWDED NIGHT CLUB IS HUSHED! THEN, ANNETTE'S FEET BEGIN TAPPING OUT A FRENZIED, RHYTHMIC TATTOO ON THE DRUM HEAD....



SLIDING THROUGH THE CHOKED STREETS OF NEW YORK'S THEATRICAL DISTRICT COME CREATURES WHOSE EYES STARE VACANTLY FROM DEAD, EXPRESSIONLESS FACES-AND ON WHOSE CLOTHES STILL CLING THE DAMP EARTH OF THE GRAVE!



BUT NOTHING CAN STOP THE GHASTLY INVASION!

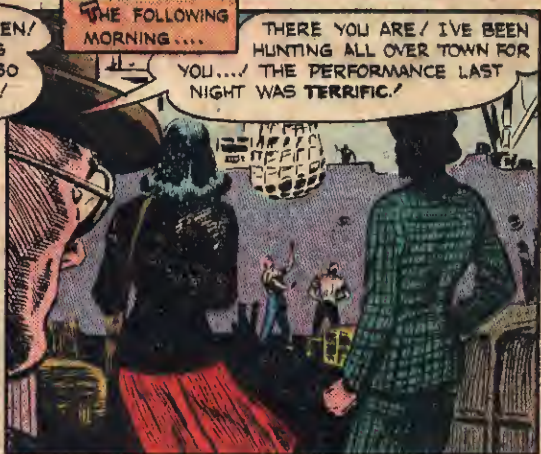


ALMOST NUMB WITH TERROR, ANNETTE OBEYS FRED'S COMMAND... AND THE SECOND HER FEET START TAPPING AGAINST THE DRUM HEAD, THE DRUM IS PLUT DOWN AND THE CREATURES ENCIRCLE IT, CLAPPING IN TIME...!





GRASPING A RAZOR-SHARP MEAT CLEAVER, FRED RUSHES BACK TO THE DANCE FLOOR.



UNCANNY MYSTERIES

ARMY
of the
DEAD

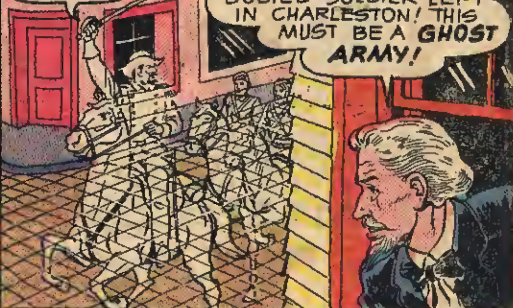
DURING THE CIVIL WAR THE YARD OF THE TRAPMAN STREET HOSPITAL IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, BECAME A BURYING GROUND FOR HUNDREDS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS WHO DIED OF THEIR WOUNDS IN THE HOSPITAL-- SOLDIERS WHO WERE SOON TO RISE FROM THEIR GRAVES AND ATTEMPT TO FIGHT AGAIN!



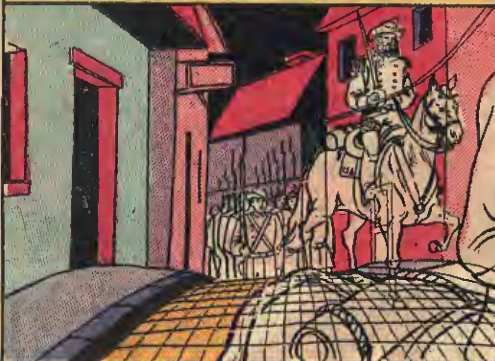
ONE NIGHT, WHEN GENERAL LEE'S FORCES WERE BEING HARD-PRESSED IN VIRGINIA, THE DOCTORS IN THE HOSPITAL WERE AWAKENED BY THE SOUND OF HORSES' HOOFES AND LOUD, MARTIAL CRIES...

FORWARD--
MARCH!

JUMPIN' JEHOSSAPHAT--
THERE ISN'T AN ABLE-
BODIED SOLDIER LEFT
IN CHARLESTON! THIS
MUST BE A GHOST
ARMY!



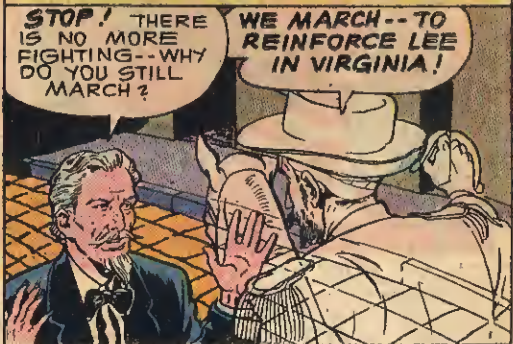
YES, FROM OUT OF THEIR GRAVES THE DEAD ROSE TO MARCH ONCE AGAIN, GLOWING EERILY BENEATH THE MIDNIGHT MOON-- ONLY TO FADE AWAY INTO NOTHINGNESS AS THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN STRUCK...



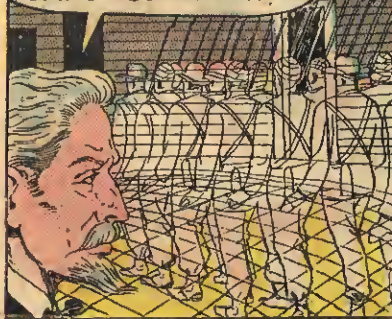
MIDNIGHT AFTER MIDNIGHT, THE GHOSTLY ARMY ROSE AND MARCHED-- EVEN AFTER THE WAR WAS OVER! FINALLY, THE BRAVEST OF THE HOSPITAL DOCTORS TRIED TO INTERCEPT THE UNCANNY PROCESSION...

STOP! THERE
IS NO MORE
FIGHTING-- WHY
DO YOU STILL
MARCH?

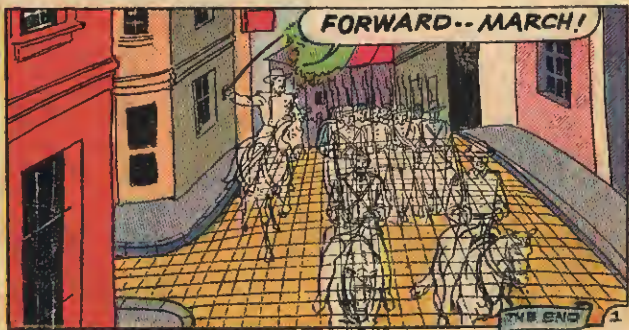
WE MARCH-- TO
REINFORCE LEE
IN VIRGINIA!



THEY... THEY DON'T KNOW THAT
PEACE HAS COME FOR THE
LIVING! NO ONE COULD SIGN
A PEACE FOR THE DEAD--
SO THEY'LL KEEP ON RISING
FROM THEIR GRAVES--
MARCHING UNTIL THE
DAY OF JUDGMENT!



BUT WHEN THE HOSPITAL WAS DESTROYED BY A CYCLONE AND EARTHQUAKE THAT BURIED THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES UNDER RUBBLE, THE GHOSTLY ARMY ROSE NO MORE! EXCEPT THAT EVEN TODAY, RESIDENTS STILL CLAIM THAT AT MIDNIGHT, THEY CAN HEAR THE SOUNDS OF HORSES' HOOFES AND MARCHING MEN-- THE TRUMPETING COMMAND TO ADVANCE!



FORWARD-- MARCH!

THE END 1



THE HEART OF HORROR

MEN HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO FALL UNDER THE EVIL WILL OF A CREATURE FROM THE BEYOND-- REMAINING FOREVER ENSLAVED TO ITS SHADOWY PRESENCE -- ANSWERING ITS CALL TO A MIDNIGHT TRYST OF TERROR! BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO GREG CHAPMAN WAS EVEN WORSE -- WHEN HE MADE A NERVE-SHATTERING CHOICE BETWEEN DEATH -- AND THE HEART OF HORROR!

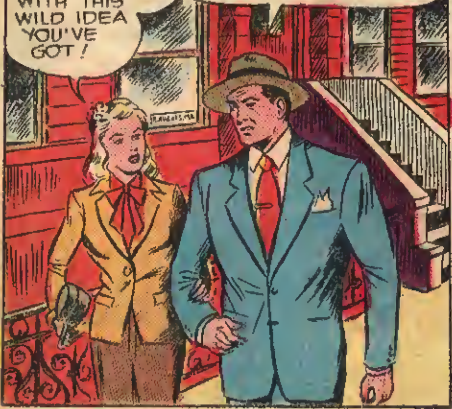
GREG, I KNOW DR. PRESTON IS THE WORLD'S LEADING HEART SPECIALIST -- BUT I WISH YOU WOULDN'T APPROACH HIM WITH THIS WILD IDEA YOU'VE GOT!

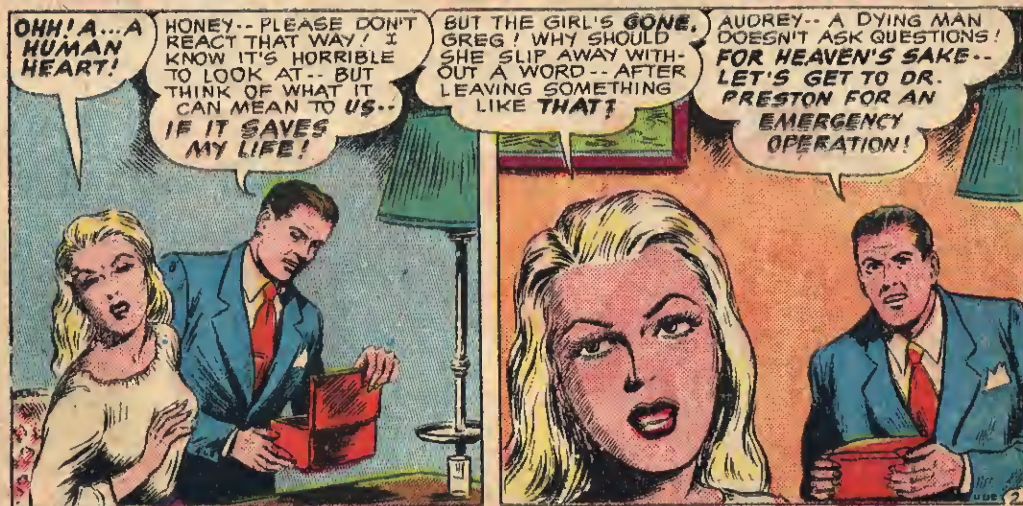
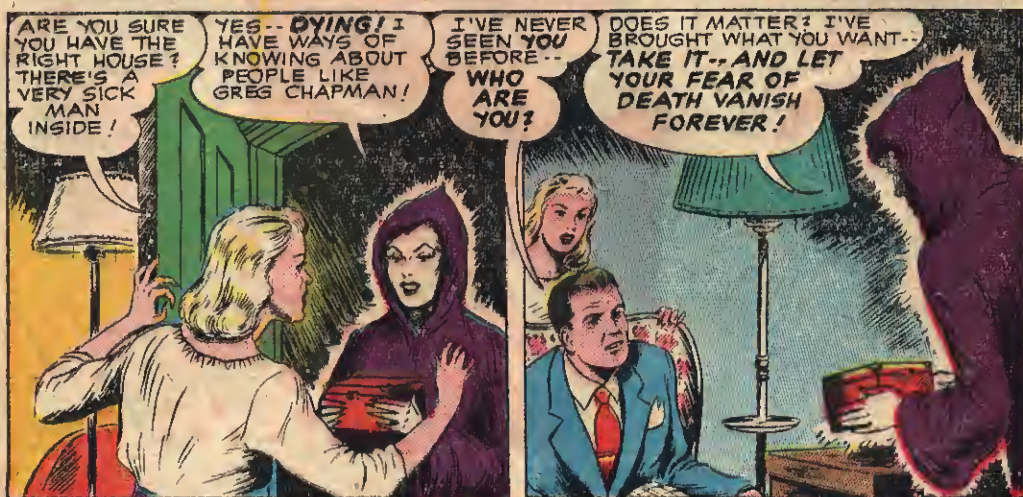
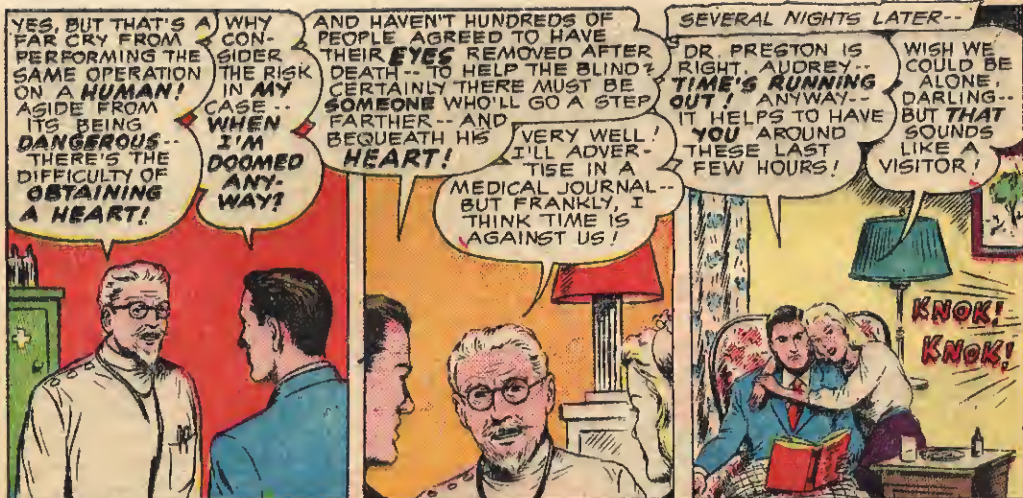
DON'T YOU REALIZE I'M DESPERATE, AUDREY? I'VE GOT EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR, INCLUDING THE PROSPECT OF MARRYING YOU -- BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LIVE UNLESS DR. PRESTON HELPS ME!

MINUTES LATER--

I'M SORRY, MR. CHAPMAN, BUT THE PLAIN FACT IS THAT YOU'RE IN THE LAST STAGE OF AN ACUTE HEART DISEASE! THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO!

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR RECENT EXPERIMENTS, DOCTOR? DIDN'T YOU SUCCESSFULLY TRANSPLANT THE HEARTS OF ANIMALS?





IF IT HAD ONLY BEEN DONE SOME OTHER WAY, GREG! DR. PRESTON SAID HE'D ADVERTISE -- BUT I NEVER DREAMED A STRANGER WOULD BRING IT TO US -- AT

IT'S A GOOD THING SHE DID, HONEY -- BECAUSE UNLESS SOMETHING'S DONE FAST -- THIS'LL BE MY LAST MIDNIGHT!

MIDNIGHT!

SOON AFTER-
WARD--

GOOD LORD, GREG! WHAT INSANE METHOD DID YOU USE TO GET THIS-- WHOSE IS IT?

DOC-- DON'T WASTE TIME ASKING QUESTIONS! IT'S YOUR DUTY TO OPERATE-- NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT WHAT WAS NEEDED!

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES-- THE DEFT SCALPEL IS AT WORK-- REMOVING GREG CHAPMAN'S FAILING HEART-- AND RE-PLACING IT WITH THE HEART OF HORROR!



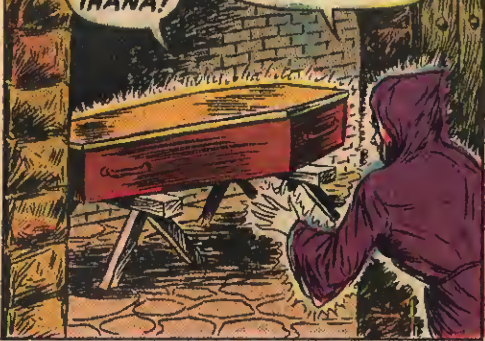
AT THAT MOMENT-- IN A HOUSE OVER- LADEN WITH MUSTY EVIL--

I AM HERE, SINISTER ONE! COME FORTH FROM YOUR RESTLESS DEATH-- THIS IS THE REUNION I HAVE YEARNED FOR!

THANA-- THANA!

OH! IS THIS ALL DEATH HAS LEFT OF YOU-- A LIFELESS SPIRIT?

AND SOMETHING ELSE, THANA! THERE IS A PART OF ME THAT HAS PULSED WILDLY OVER A LEGION OF OPENED GRAVES-- A PART THAT BEATS WITH UNHOLY LOVE FOR YOU-- MY HEART!

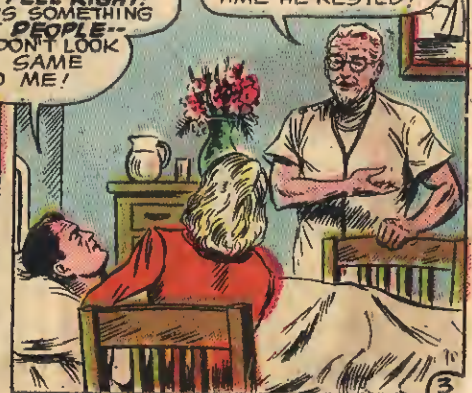


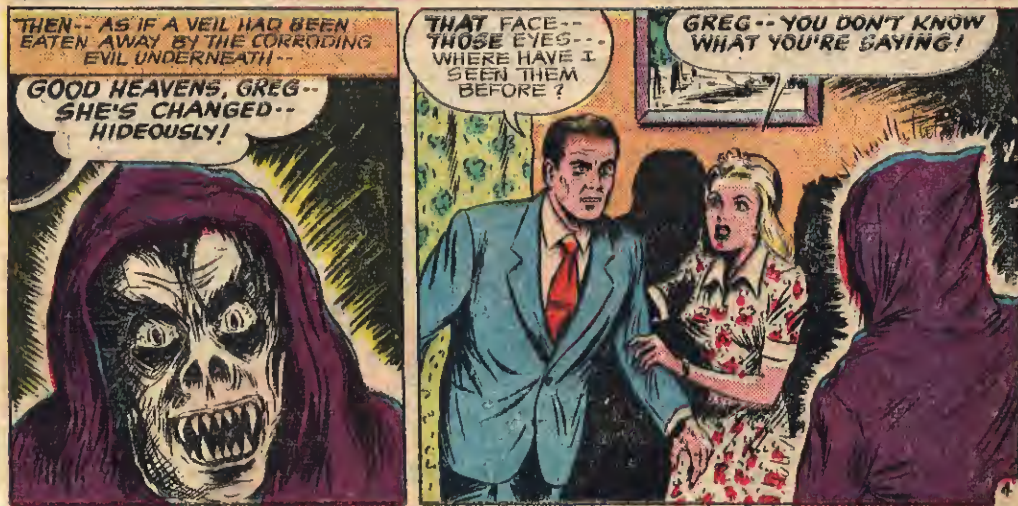
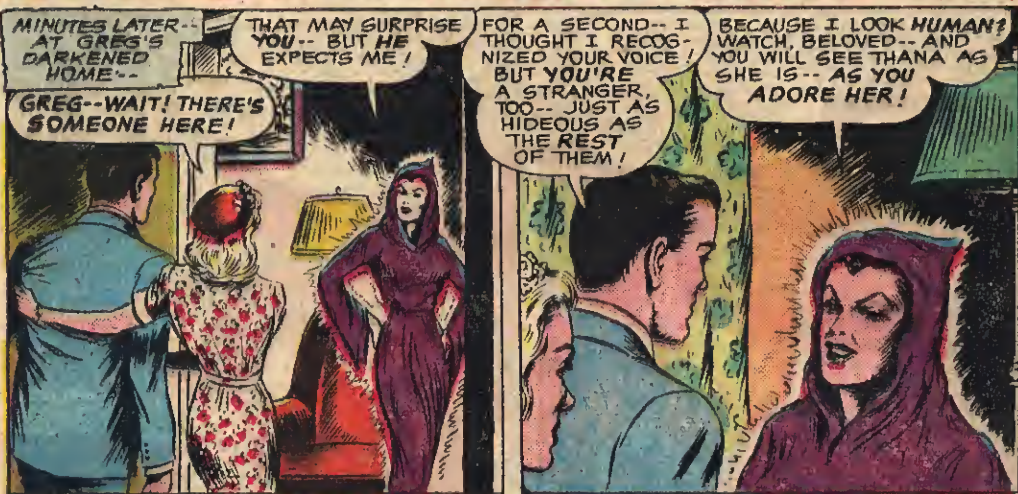
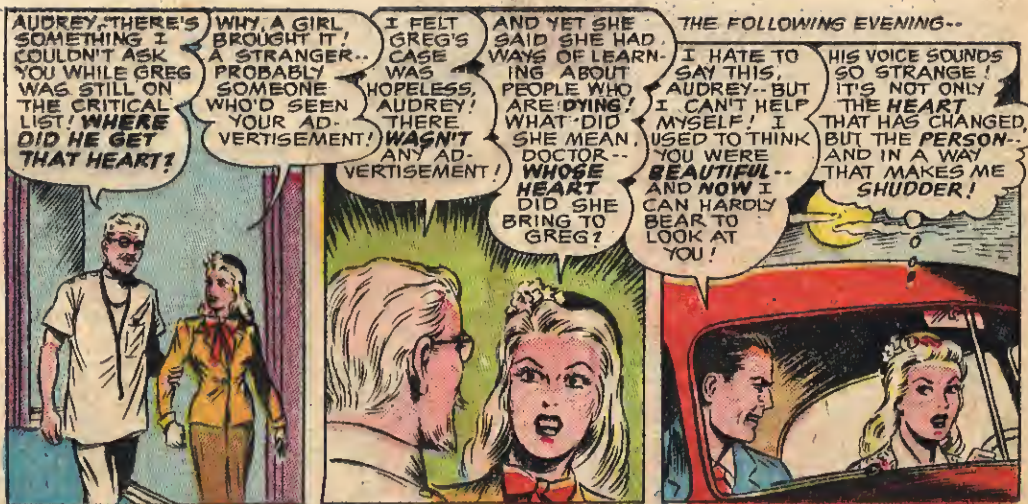
AND IT WILL BE THE SAME HEART IN ANY OTHER BODY, THANA! A HEART THAT IS DEATHLESS BECAUSE IT LIVES ON DEATH-- A HEART WHOSE BLACK THROBBING WILL BE A SUMMONS TO YOU-- A HEART THAT IS ME!

THREE WEEKS LATER--

I KNOW THE OPERATION WAS SUCCESSFUL, DR. PRESTON-- BUT I DON'T FEEL RIGHT! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT PEOPLE-- THEY DON'T LOOK THE SAME TO ME!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, GREG-- YOU'RE WELL ENOUGH TO GO HOME TOMORROW! COME ON, AUDREY-- IT'S TIME HE RESTED!





YES-- NOW YOU ARE THANA-- WITH THE FEATURES THAT HAVE BEWITCHED ME FOR CENTURIES!

YOU HAVE THE FEATURES OF GREG CHAPMAN-- BUT IT IS A MERE DISGUISE FOR THE HEART THAT WILL BEAT FOREVER! AGAIN WE WILL HAUNT THE DARK- ENED MIDNIGHTS LIKE A WALKING CURSE-- FOR AS LONG AS I LIVE!

AS THE HEART OF HORROR AND THE FACE OF HORROR FACE THROUGH THE GLOOM TOGETHER...

I... I MUST FOLLOW THEM-- THERE MUST BE **SOME** WAY TO HELP GREG!

SOON AFTERWARD-- AT THE LAIR ENCRUSTED WITH TERROR--

OH-- WHO KNOWS WHAT I'LL FIND IN THERE-- OR WHETHER HE'LL TURN AGAINST ME?

I'D BETTER KEEP HIDDEN UNTIL I KNOW WHAT I'M UP AGAINST-- AND THE BEST WAY TO DO THAT WILL BE TO SLIP IN THROUGH THE CELLAR!

GOOD HEAVENS-- I'VE KNOCKED SOMETHING OVER!

CRASH!

IT'S A COFFIN! THERE'S A STRANGE MIST DOZING OUT OF IT-- IT'S TAKING SHAPE!

THAT FACE-- IT'S JUST LIKE HERS! YOU'RE THE CREATURE THAT DIED-- SO YOUR HEART COULD LIVE IN HIM!

DO YOU WONDER-- WHEN AN ETERNITY OF EVIL HAS CAST ITS STAMP ON MY FEATURES? I WAS TOO EASILY RECOGNIZED--AND NEEDED THE DISGUISE OF A NEW FACE AND BODY!"

AND NOW I CAN **CONTINUE** MY WAYS OF EVIL-- NOW THAT MY HEART LIVES ON IN A HUMAN BODY!

GREG'S BODY WON'T GIVE YOU A REFUGE **FOREVER!** HE'LL DIE-- JUST AS YOU DID!

ONLY WHEN EVIL CHANGES **HIM--** AND **HE** NEEDS ANOTHER BODY! THEN HE WILL LOOK INTO A MIRROR, AS I DID-- A MIRROR THAT CATCHES HIS REFLECTION AND HIS BLOOD AT THE SAME TIME!

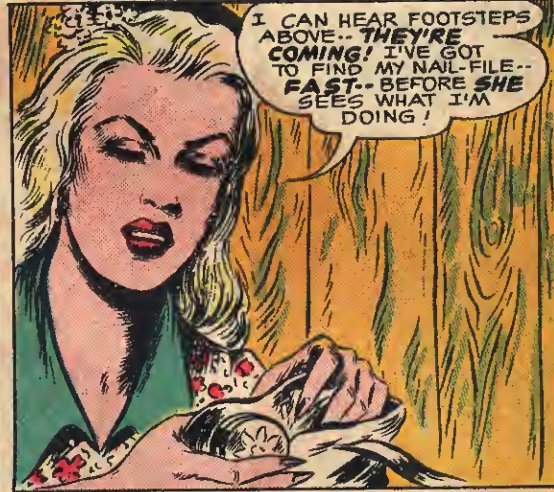
I AM READY TO DEPART INTO THE BLACK BEYOND-- BUT FIRST I WILL SUMMON THE MAN WHO HAS MY HEART-- AND WATCH WHAT HE DOES TO YOU!

IF MY COURAGE HOLDS OUT, YOU MONSTER-- YOU MAY BE WATCHING MORE THAN YOU EXPECT!



SLAM!

THANA--
THANA!



I CAN HEAR FOOTSTEPS ABOVE-- **THEY'RE COMING!** I'VE GOT TO FIND MY NAIL-FILE-- **FAST--** BEFORE SHE SEES WHAT I'M DOING!



MOMENTS LATER--

THANA--
LOOK!

HE'S NO LONGER GREG-- HE'LL **NEVER** BE GREG AGAIN WHILE THANA'S ALIVE-- AND THAT'S WHY MY LAST HOPE DEPENDS ON NOT GETTING PANICKY NOW!



YOU FOLLOWED US-- YOU THOUGHT HE WOULD BE WON OVER BY WHAT YOU USED TO MEAN TO HIM! WELL-- YOU'LL FIND WHAT YOU MEAN TO HIM NOW-- **PREY!**

KILL -- KILL!
LET YOUR
FIRST
VICTIM
PROVE
THAT YOU
FIND ME
BEAUTIFUL--
THAT YOU WILL
LOVE ME
FOREVER!

HOW COULD ANY-
ONE LOVE YOU--
WITH A FACE LIKE
THAT? DO YOU
KNOW WHAT YOU
LOOK LIKE--OR
ARE YOU AFRAID
TO FIND OUT?

**GIVE ME THAT
COMPACT!** I'LL
SHOW YOU WHETHER
I'M AFRAID-- AND
THEN YOU'LL HAVE
AMPLE OPPORTUNITY
TO SHOW ME!

**AHH! I SEE
BEAUTY IN THE
MIRROR-- I
SEE THE KIND
OF EVIL CHARM
THAT MAKES
HIM MY
SLAVE!**

LOOK CLOSELY, THANA!
I SHARPENED THE
EDGE OF THE COM-
PACT WITH MY NAIL-
FILE.. DO YOU SEE
ANYTHING ELSE?



I'VE CUT MY FINGER! THERE'S
BLOOD ON THE GLASS--
AND MY REFLECTION!
THAT COMBINATION... IT'S
THE ONLY WAY WE CREATURES
CAN BE--**KILLED**--



THEN-- IN THE HIDEOUS FINAL THROES OF ANGUISH--

YOU-- YOU KNOW
WHAT IT IS TO DIE!
HELP ME--
HELP ME!

**THANA-- YOU WERE
TRICKED--TRICKED
INTO DOOMING
US BOTH!**

**GREG-- THEY'VE
VANISHED!**
DARLING, THERE'S
NOTHING THAT
EVIL PAIR CAN
CLAIM NOW--
NOT EVEN THE
HEART THAT
SAVED YOUR
LIFE!

SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING
TO ME, AUDREY!
IT'S JUST LIKE
A MIST BEING
CLEARED
FROM MY
MIND-- A
POISONOUS
HAZE CHARGED
WITH CENTURIES
OF EVIL!

HONEY-- I KNOW
THIS ORDEAL MUST
HAVE SEEMED A
LIFETIME TO YOU!
BUT WE'VE GOT
THE REAL LIFE-
TIME AHEAD OF
US--**TOGETHER!**

WE'RE GOING TO BE HAPPY, GREG--
HAPPY ENOUGH TO FORGET THE
WHOLE THING! AND IF YOU **DO**
THINK OF THANA NOW AND THEN,
IT'LL BE BECAUSE
MY COOKING
GIVES YOU
NIGHTMARES!



The End

OUT *of the* NIGHT... TO YOU!

IT HARDLY SEEMS yesterday that we were talking over our first issue with you, our new readers...and here's our second! We've looked forward to it, feeling as we do that all of you are already old friends. You've made us feel that way through the fine enthusiasm with which you greeted our first issue, which was a virtual sellout. Even newsdealers...generally an unemotional lot...were moved to direct interested and curious queries our way. "What sort of magazine is this 'Out of The Night'?" they asked. For it seems that they were unaccustomed to the type of reception which the public accorded our new magazine. From coast to coast, the stampede was on, with reorders pouring in with each mail. For this, our thanks to you...to the magnificent support which you've lent us!

We're grateful to each and every one of you...more grateful than you'll ever know. For you've signified wholehearted approval of our editorial stand...namely, that what readers wanted were tense and gripping stories of the great supernatural...stories which were fast-paced, thrilling, spine-tingling...but stories based on challenging imagination rather than mere senseless horror. That's what we are striving to bring you, calling upon the best available talent in writing and illustration. And

it's what we're going to *continue* to do...striving all the while for constant improvement. Never shall we be satisfied with less than the best...and we do not want you to be, either. It is with precisely this thought in mind that the current issue has been devised. From cover to cover, it's a real thriller...jam-packed with breathless excitement. You'll find that excitement in "The Vampire's Fate!"...as weird a story of midnight menace as ever you've read. You'll tense to "Drum of Doom", and label it a chiller par excellence. "Heart of Horror" is a strange and eerie yarn right out of the night for fair. And "Scorpion From The Stars" should wring a long-remembered gasp from all of you.

It all adds up to an issue that's guaranteed for super-thrills. But we won't be satisfied until we know what you think of it! Won't you write us...now...and tell us your opinions? Which story did you like best...and why? And what would you like to see in future issues of "Out of The Night"? We want to know because this is *your* magazine, and you must be satisfied. Address your letters to The Editor, "Out of The Night", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. If space permits, we'll try to publish what you write. But meanwhile...let's hear from you!

Scorpion from the STARS



THE ANCIENT ART OF **ASTROLOGY** DATES BACK SOME 3,000 YEARS TO THE EARLY BABYLONIANS---AND SINCE THEN, ITS OCCULT PRACTITIONERS CLAIM IT HAS BEEN DEVELOPED INTO A HIGH **SCIENCE**! COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF INTELLIGENT PEOPLE TODAY ARE FIRM BELIEVERS THAT THE FATE AND FUTURE OF HUMAN BEINGS CAN BE READ IN THE STARS---AND HERE'S A TALE OF TERROR THAT WILL MAKE YOU WONDER --- AND **SHUDDER**!

MAYBE YOU'LL THINK IT'S CHILDISH OF ME, BUT I **BELIEVE** IN **ASTROLOGY**! ---FRANK, DARLING---LET'S GO IN AND HAVE OUR HOROSCOPES READ!

ALL RIGHT, SWEETHEART! ---COMING WITH US, ROGER?

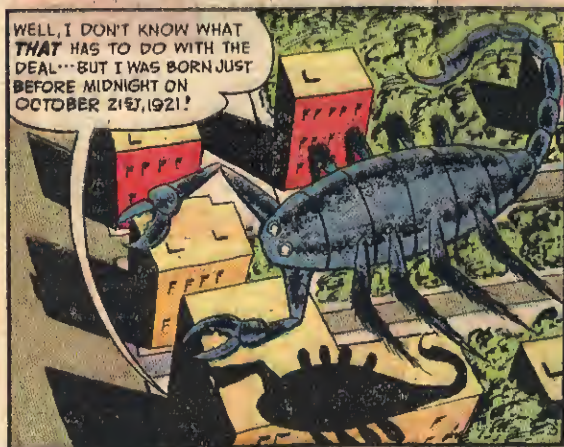
RHAMA
ASTROLOGICAL SEER

HMM, SO JUNE BELIEVES IN THAT ASTROLOGICAL BALONEY, EH? THAT MIGHT BE JUST THE ANGLE I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR TO BREAK UP HER ENGAGEMENT TO FRANK---AND GET HER FOR MYSELF!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, ROGER!---WE'LL VISIT RHAMA TOMORROW NIGHT, JUNE!

THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT NOW---WE'RE ALREADY LATE FOR THE PARTY!

BUT A FEW HOURS LATER--- IT WAS SIMPLE TO SLIP AWAY FROM THE PARTY! NOW TO GET TO THAT RHAMA CHARACTER---



I DO NOT RAVE, FOOL! THE ANCIENT BOOKS SAY THAT A MAN BORN UNDER THOSE CIRCUMSTANCES AND SIGNS BELONGS BODY AND SOUL TO **SCORPIO**... THE SCORPION, WITH THE EVIL WARRING INSTINCTS AS SYMBOLIZED BY MARS AND THE STING OF DEATH AS SYMBOLIZED BY PLUTO! AND SINCE YOU WERE BORN UNDER THOSE SIGNS, ROGER MARKSON, YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE SCORPIO! IF YOU TRY TO ASSUME ANOTHER IDENTITY, IF YOU TRY TO TAKE YOUR BROTHER'S PLACE UNDER THE ZODIAC OF LIBRA... THEN **SCORPIO** WILL CLAIM YOU AS HIS OWN!



YOU'RE A **MANIAC**! I'LL FIND SOME OTHER ASTROLOGER IN TOWN WHO'LL AGREE TO MY SCHEME!

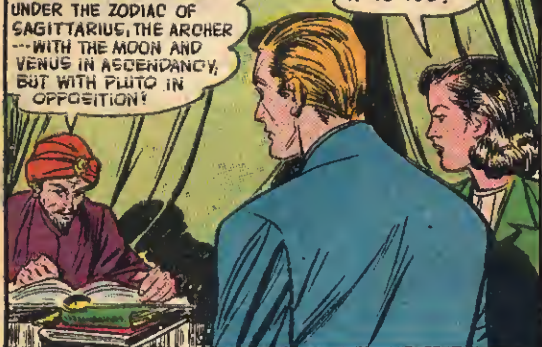
NO... **WAIT!** I... I WILL DO AS YOU SAY!



NEXT NIGHT...

AH, SO YOU WERE BORN AT 3 A.M. ON NOVEMBER 29TH, 1928, MISS HOPEWELL... THAT MEANS YOU ARE UNDER THE ZODIAC OF SAGITTARIUS, THE ARCHER... WITH THE MOON AND VENUS IN ASCENDANCY, BUT WITH PLUTO IN OPPOSITION!

...YOU... YOU **MUST** HAVE SUPERNATURAL POWERS... OR ELSE HOW COULD YOU KNOW MY NAME WHEN I NEVER EVEN TOLD IT TO YOU?



I KNOW **MORE** THAN THAT, MISS HOPEWELL! THE HOROSCOPE SHOWS THAT YOU AND YOUR FIANCE, FRANK MARKSON, ARE **PERFECT** FOR EACH OTHER! BUT WITH PLUTO IN OPPOSITION, THERE IS A CHANCE OF SUDDEN DEATH... WHICH WILL PROBABLY COME FROM THE HANDS OF ROGER MARKSON! SO I URGE YOU TO MARRY FRANK AS SOON AS POSSIBLE... AND THEREBY FOIL ROGER AND PLUTO!



I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN MY BROTHER HAD A MAD STREAK OF JEALOUSY IN HIM... I THINK WE'LL FOLLOW YOUR ADVICE, RHAMA!

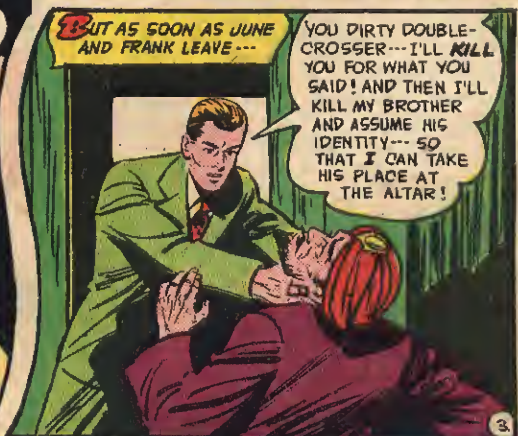
YES, AND THANK YOU FOR YOUR INTEREST IN US... WE'LL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL!

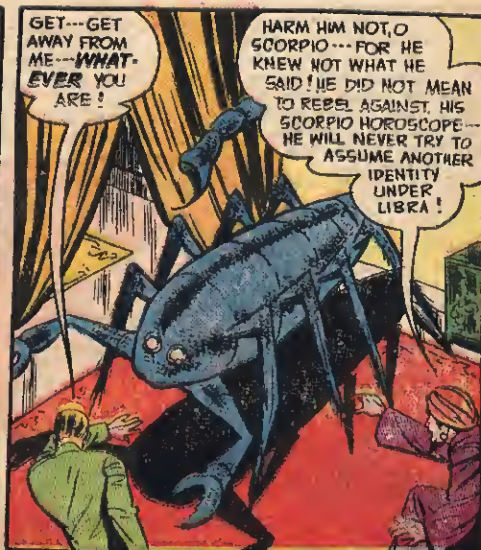
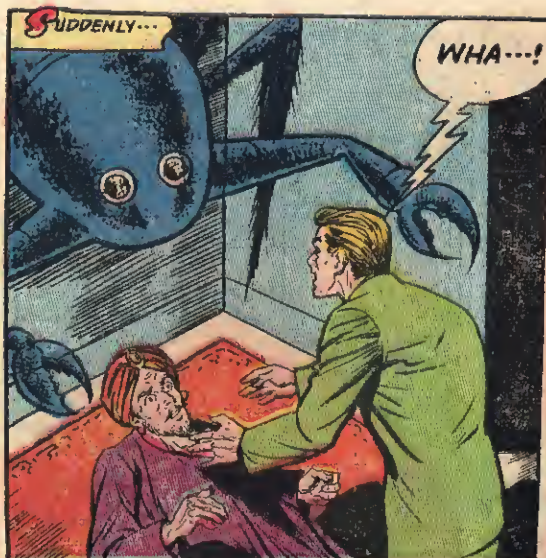
MY BLESSINGS ON YOU BOTH, MY CHILDREN!



BUT AS SOON AS JUNE AND FRANK LEAVE...

YOU DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER... I'LL **KILL** YOU FOR WHAT YOU SAID! AND THEN I'LL KILL MY BROTHER AND ASSUME HIS IDENTITY... SO THAT I CAN TAKE HIS PLACE AT THE ALTAR!





FOR A LONG MOMENT, THE MONSTROUS SCORPION FROM THE STARS HESITATED, ITS ENORMOUS STINGER POISED TO STRIKE---AND THEN---



REMEMBER---IF YOU TRY TO ASSUME ANOTHER IDENTITY UNDER THE SIGN OF LIBRA, BY TAKING YOUR BROTHER'S PLACE ---**SCORPIO WILL CLAIM YOU!**

BAH---THAT SCORPION WASN'T REAL ---IT WAS JUST A MAGICIAN'S PHONEY TRICK, TO SCARE ME! YOU PROBABLY STEPPED ON A BUTTON THAT FLASHED A MOVIE OF AN ENLARGED SCORPION ON AN INVISIBLE SCREEN! BUT NOW I SEE HOW FOOLISH IT WAS TO BOTHER WITH A FRAUD LIKE YOU! I'LL FORGET ABOUT YOU---UNLESS YOU TRY TO INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS!



SO---JUNE HOPEWELL MARRIES FRANK MARKSON THIS SUNDAY! I THINK I WILL BE AT THE CEREMONY---TO MAKE SURE SHE DOESN'T MARRY **ROGER** MARKSON!

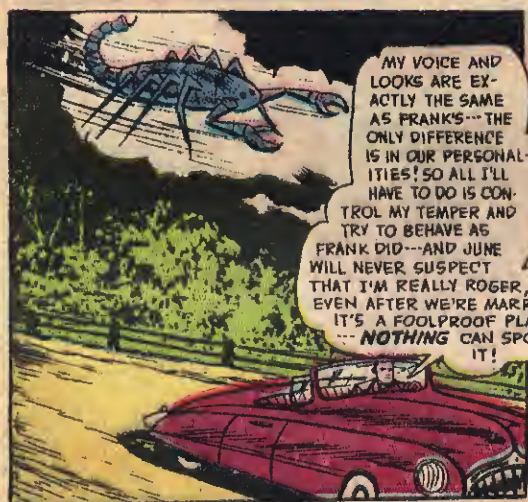


THAT SUNDAY---

I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU AGREED TO BE BEST MAN, ROGER---

YES---IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, YOU FOOL!







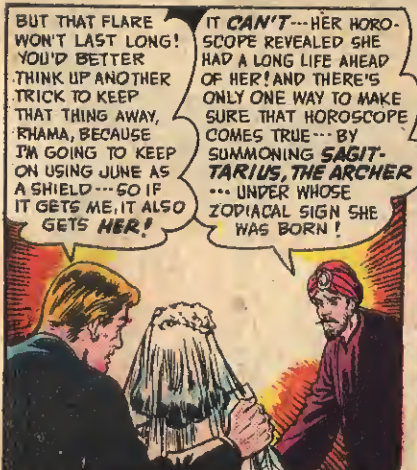
GOOD HEAVENS, FRANK...WHAT...WHAT **IS** THAT MONSTER?

I...I DON'T KNOW...BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO GET **ME**!

THIS CAN ONLY MEAN THAT YOU ARE **NOT** FRANK...BUT **ROGER MARKSON**! SCORPIO HAS COME TO CLAIM HIS OWN...BUT LUCKILY, I CAME PREPARED FOR SUCH AN EVENTUALITY!

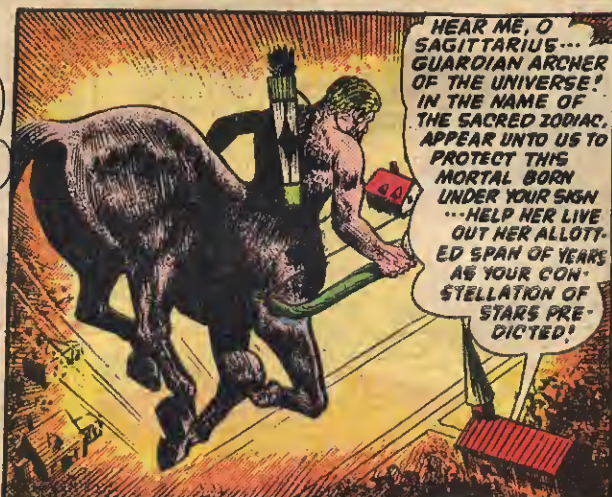


SCORPIONS CAN'T LIVE IN THE PRESENCE OF EXTREME HEAT...AND SINCE THIS ONE CAME FROM THE FROZEN REACHES OF SPACE, IT SHOULD BE ESPECIALLY SUSCEPTIBLE TO THIS HOT MAGNESIUM-FLARE GRENADE I BROUGHT ALONG!

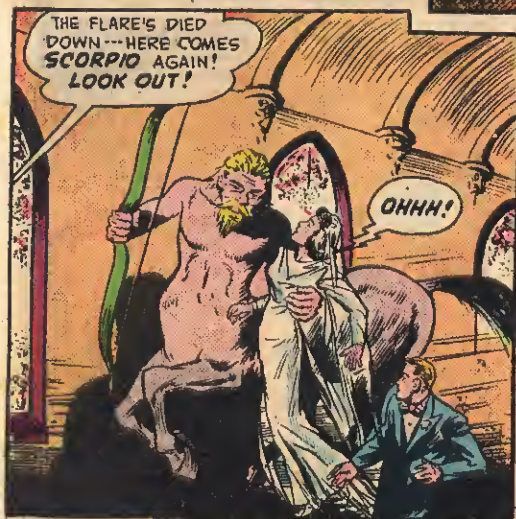


BUT THAT FLARE WON'T LAST LONG! YOU'D BETTER THINK UP ANOTHER TRICK TO KEEP THAT THING AWAY, RHAMA, BECAUSE I'M GOING TO KEEP ON USING JUNE AS A SHIELD...SO IF IT GETS ME, IT ALSO GETS **HER**!

IT **CAN'T**...HER HOROSCOPE REVEALED SHE HAD A LONG LIFE AHEAD OF HER! AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE SURE THAT HOROSCOPE COMES TRUE...BY SUMMONING **SAGITTARIUS, THE ARCHER**...UNDER WHOSE ZODIACAL SIGN SHE WAS BORN!



HEAR ME, O **SAGITTARIUS**...GUARDIAN ARCHER OF THE UNIVERSE! IN THE NAME OF THE SACRED ZODIAC, APPEAR UNTO US TO PROTECT THIS MORTAL BORN UNDER YOUR SIGN...HELP HER LIVE OUT HER ALLOTTED SPAN OF YEARS AS YOUR CONSTITUTION OF STARS PREDICTED!



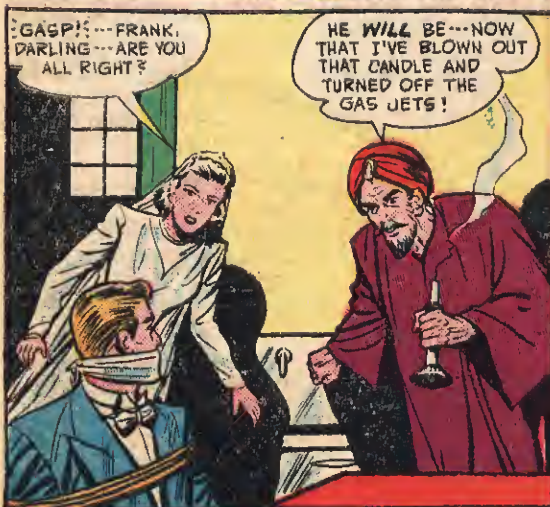
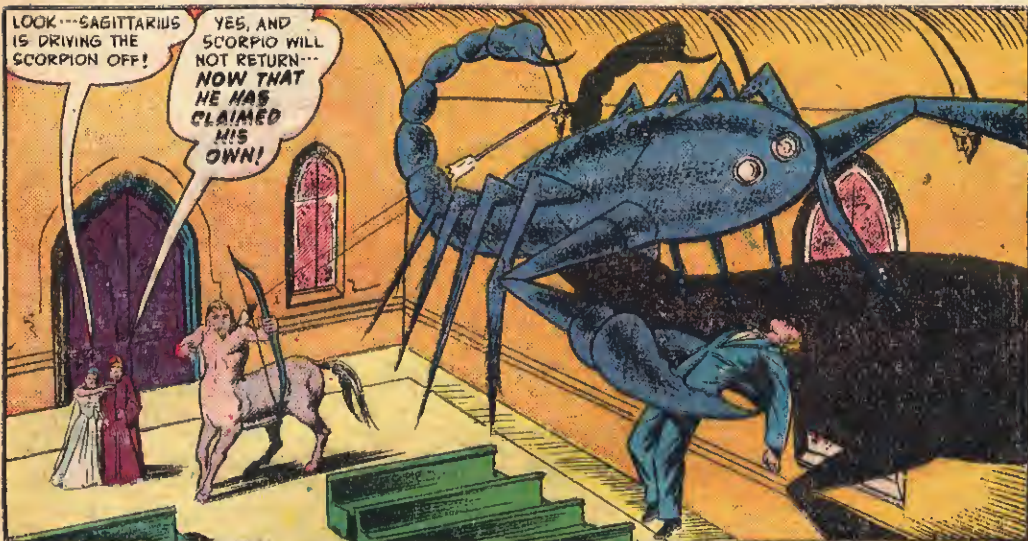
THE FLARE'S DIED DOWN...HERE COMES **SCORPIO** AGAIN! LOOK OUT!

OH!!



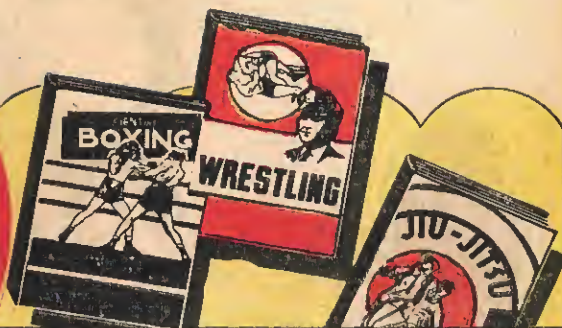
WITH ONE STAB OF THE MONSTROUS TAIL AND STINGER...

YAAAGHH!



**Be the
MASTER**
not the slave!
Defend YOURSELF

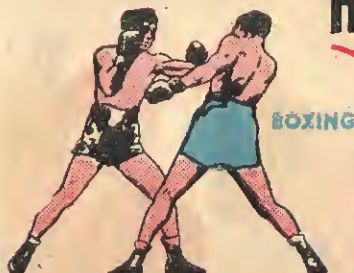
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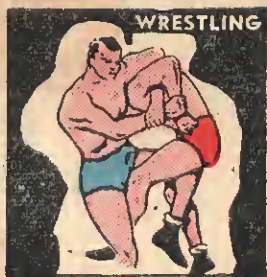
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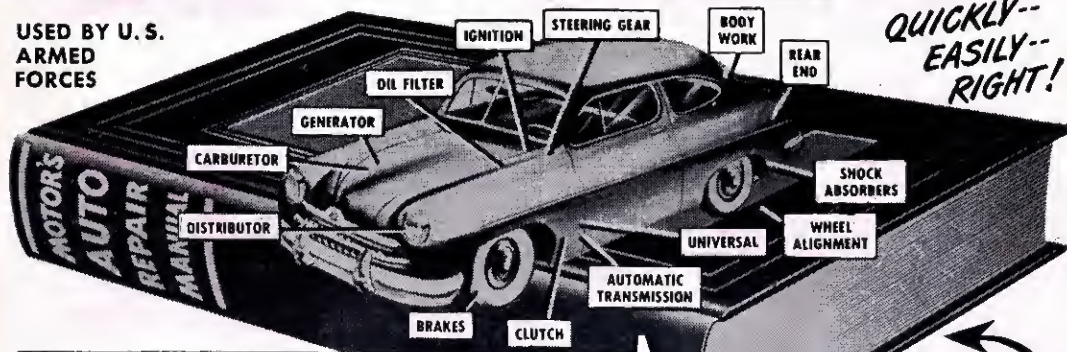
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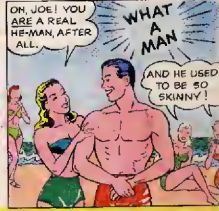
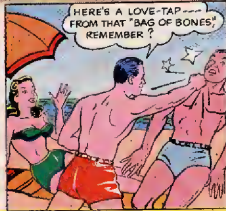
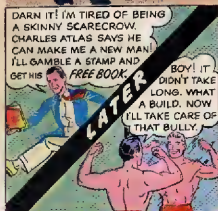
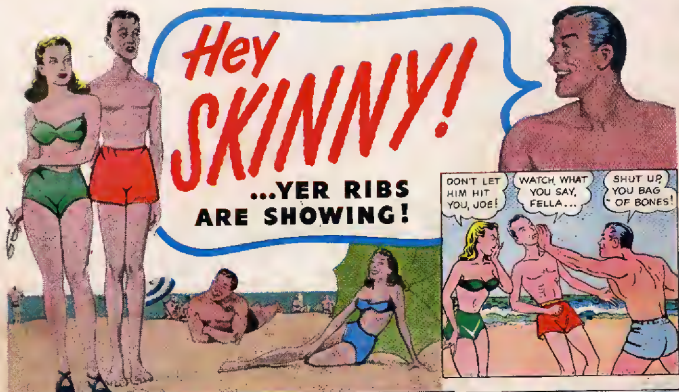
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